slug | losian | caleb sharpteef | phoenix t'ril

Monster Exclusive Publication

MONSTROPOLIS

MONTHLY

IN THIS ISSUE

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SEX GARDEN

10
TIPS for
COCK
MEALS
that go down easy

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2 illustrated erotic stories

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SEPTEMBER 2012 | ISSUE 1

AND MUCH MORE

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Erotic Pictures, Articles & Literature

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Monstropolis Monthly

Monstropolis Monthly is what could be described as a portfolio collection of art and short stories brought together in the style of a trashy magazine. Each issue will contain exclusive, otherwise unavailable fetish-based art by Slug, Calebsharpteef, as well as possible guest artists in the future. In addition to art, it also contains short stories and articles by Losian, Slug, Phoenix T'ril, and potential guest writers. All of this is contained and presented as if it were a deliciously garish magazine for monsters, by monsters, in a monster-occupied world.

Monstropolis Monthly is created and organized by a very small team of artists and writers during our free time. We really appreciate every issue we sell and would like to thank you for your support.

In the case that you're reading a leaked copy, we hope you enjoy, and only ask that you please consider purchasing next month or tossing a small donation our way to keep Monstropolis Monthly up and running.

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- The Creeps at MM

CONTENTS

4 10 Tips for Cockmeals that go Down Easy

Learn how to make your future cockvore-related endeavors both more efficient and more enjoyable - for you, anyway.

7 Monthly Member

Our loyal member's member is a bizarre one this month! Come see what makes it so unique, and get your rocks off while you're at it.

9 A Rock and a Wet Place

Never open the doors for strangers - especially ones *this* strange. Lomi gets way more than she bargained for in this titillating tale of terror.

14 Rape What you Sow - Start Your Own Sex Garden

Does everyone tell you you need to find a hobby? Well, why not impress them by beginning an incredible exotic and erotic wonderland in your very own back yard!

18 A Night on the Town

Okk thinks himself quite the catch, but once he's caught he finds himself unable to escape - all to the delight of a strange and sexy seductress he picked up that evening.

25 Artist and Writer Bios

Meet our staff and learn a bit about the creeps behind Monstropolis Monthly.

10 Tips for Cockmeals that Go Down Easy

By Kurd Gurpworthy

Having trouble getting a treat for your meat that isn't a four-hour ordeal? Wish you could fill your nuts without wearing yourself out? Well, here are a few juicy tips that probably didn't occur to your jizz-rotted peabrain.

---

1. Lube 'em up. It's simple shit. Slippery things move a lot easier. Get hard and douse that fucker in prejizz.

2. Break their limbs. It's hard for cockfodder to struggle when it has no arms and legs. They'll still wriggle in all the right ways, but it'll be much harder for them to pry themselves from your gorging shaft. Alternatively, amputate.

3. Stick 'em in head-first. The pressure and lack of oxygen most times will knock 'em out about halfway through.

4. Drug 'em. Sedatives go a long way.

5. Pick the small ones. Why struggle with some blubbery, dick-stretching, unwieldy fatass when you can gorge on dozens of tiny, more vulnerable victims? More screaming, more fun. Pop 'em in two at a time!

6. Break 'em into bite sized pieces. If you have a basic understanding of anatomy, you can tear a critter into smaller bits without killing 'em prematurely.

7. Cum first. Rub one out beforehand - it'll get your dick loosened up and ready to choke down whatever stupid sap you've dragged home with you tonight.

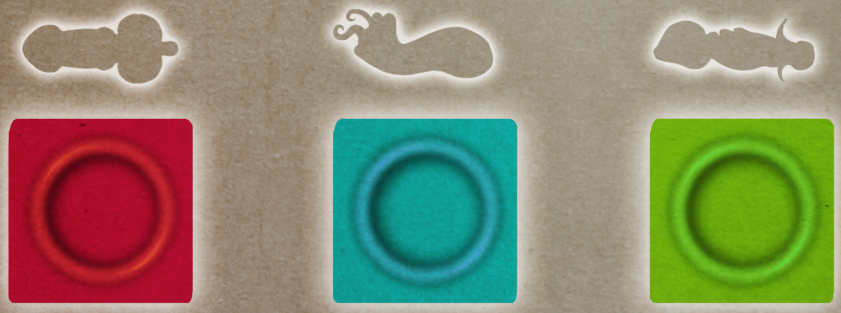
8. Use a cockmeal vendor. Vending machines for precisely this purpose are becoming increasingly popular. While not as free as a back-alley snack, they all but guarantee a clean, satisfying delivery.

9. Find willing prey. There are plenty of deliciously twisted fucks out there with no greater desire than to be your dick's next snack. They will practically dive into your shaft at the thought of being churned into jizz in your nuts, and many of them will remain enthused right up until they pass out from lack of oxygen.

10. Get a friend to help. Nothin' says "male bonding" like cramming helpless assholes in eachother's dongs. And don't worry - it isn't gay.

TIRED OF

ORDINARY CONDOMS?



beastguard

UNIQUE SIZES | UNIQUE SHAPES | UNIQUE SENSATIONS

Monthly Member's Member

Submitted by Miggs Snotbottom

We're kicking off with a particularly bizarre member's member! Miggs sent us this lovely close-up of his drooling, 17-inch lavender-colored monstrosity - complete with a fat pair of leathery green nuts and a trio of hooked barbs that would lure in any potential mate. Although, despite their wicked appearance, they are actually only used to spread apart inside the vagina (or ass) close to orgasm, keeping the shaft anchored deep inside while he blows his load.

Nice one, Miggs. Thanks for your sloppy submission for this month's issue!

Happy fapping, beasties!

Have a particularly monstrous member you'd like to share with the world? Drop us a message at monstropolismonthly@gmail.com with a reference or description. If you're selected, one of our fine artists will draw a wonderful rendition of your cock for our mass of perverted subscribers to jerk it to!

MODERNIZE YOUR...

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- Gas Station
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- Arboretum
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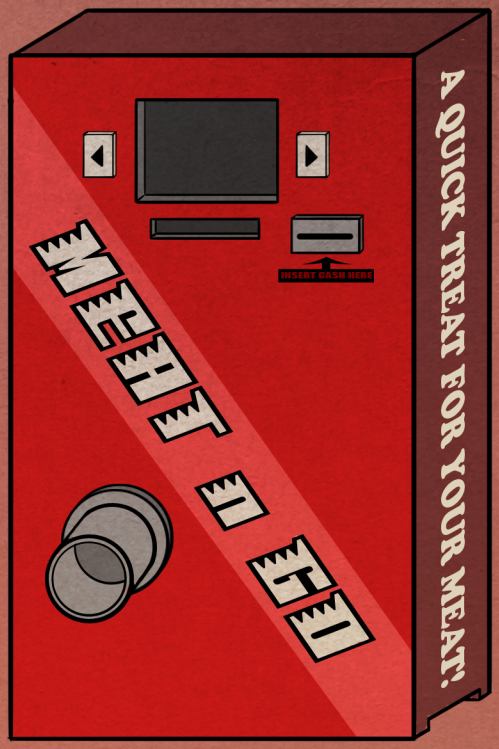
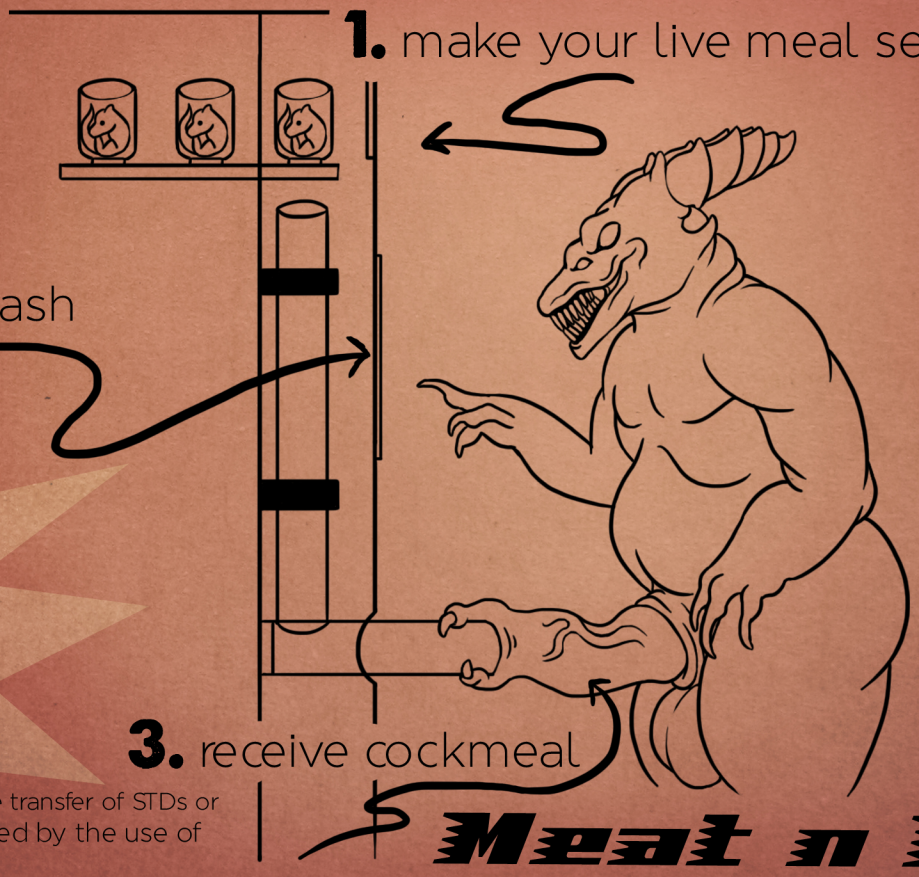


Make more money and keep those hungry-cocked patrons coming back for more!

IT'S AS EASY AS...



ALSO GREAT FOR ANAL VORE, TAIL VORE, AND THE VERTICALLY IMPAIRED

Meat n' Go is not responsible for the transfer of STDs or malfunction-related injuries caused by the use of this product.

Meat n Go!

A Rock & a Wet place

By Losian

Straight | Non-Consensual | Torture | Musk | Snuff | Hyper

The hour was late and the night relatively still, only a handful of monsters who prowled the latest hours of the night were still awake. But one in particular was far from seeking his rest soon! He had those needs, those desires and urges that just can't be ignored, can't be resisted, and it was high time he acted upon them. Anyone else would do the same, right?

He had picked out a particular home, just the right amount of well-kept so it looked trashy, while still verging on complete dilapidation. He had been watching her for some time, the “lovely” lady who occupied the house. Her name was Lomi. It was so cute and petite for someone who was anything but. She was some sort of goat-like monster gal with nice broad hips and beautiful rolls of flabby fat along her sides and arms. Her body stood tall, nearly seven feet from hoof to horn, and she often worn a bit of a scowl to display just how unhappy she was with everything. How was any self-respecting monster to resist? He grunted to himself, as he waited for just the right moment while his mind wondered over her beautiful body.. He had even heard her voice, at one point, and it made her all the harder to resist: a blissful chorus of nails across chalkboard.

Her admirer, as he could be called, waited just down the block from where she lived, a nice little suburban street. His own body bulky was and fat, heavyset for sure. He had a long, rounded snout and pointed fangs, looking like something between a cross of a gargoyle and bear. He was dressed in a shabby uniform of sorts: makeshift blues and patches, long rubber gloves that ran up most the way of his arms, and the same on his massive clawed feet, covering nearly up to his groin with each leather boot, trying to look like some sort of utility worker or another. Did they show up at the early hours of the morning? Not usually, but she was probably stupid enough to buy it for a moment, and that's all he needed. He waited a time longer, another hour or so, until even the night owls were considering sleep, before he finally stepped out of his vehicle and sauntered up to the door.

The lights inside her house were still on, she stayed up late he had discovered, which made her all the more perfect a choice for him. He cleared his throat as he stomped up the front porch steps, his fangs and claws glistening dangerously as much as eagerly in the amber porchlight as he raised a hand and hammered violently on the door a few times, slamming his fist against it.

“UTILITIES!” he yelled out.

From within the house a bit of commotion was heard, a few steps, a door or two opened or closed, then the sound of breathing on the other side of the door, but it didn't open, not yet. He furrows his brow, deciding to act dumb with another few poundings on the door, “MA'AM, UTILITIES! WE NEED'A TAKE'A LOOK INSIDE!” he called out, even adding a nice friendly sort of drawl to his voice. Perhaps to his surprise the door swung open and there she stood, a radiant beauty of a monstorus goat-gal. She looked right perturbed, her brow furrowed,

“Now what in the fuck are you going on about out here, huh?” she demanded, rather plainly.

“M'name's Careb, ma'am, and I just need to take a quick look here and, ah, make sure everything's good,” he offered. She looked skeptical, furrowing her brow even furthr, distoring her features into a gruesome visage of being-mad-at-being-bothered-at-3am.

“What?.. What the fuck are you talking about?” she demanded.

“Alright, alright, fine!” he finally snarled out. Now while the lovely goat-monster woman was large, Careb was taller still. He stood a good eight feet and had probably near half a ton on her, and that's all he needed to force his way in. He shoved forwards, barreling into her body and knocking her back! The fat goatbeast stumbled backwards, coughing a bit in surprise and from being struck hard to the chest, stumbling over a small lamp table near the door and tumbling right over, slamming down hard onto her back with a force that might seem as if it would knock a hole in the floor! Careb strode forwards, slamming the door behind himself, and quickly locking it. “Alright darlin', you just shut the fuck up and we'll make this easy, eh?” he grunts out, staring down at her.

She was sprawled out before him, coughing and hacking while trying to catch her breath, gasping out a few struggled words, “G.. get.. the f.. guhk.. fuck out!” Careb just shook his head, naturally, as he moved closer to her. He reached down to his pants and unzipped the front, sliding his large hands into the denim clothing to dig out his enormous assets, the bear-gargoyle beast's junk all but pouring from his clothing as he sighed out in delight to not be so con-

you ugly shit!" Lomi spat, even as she kicked her legs about to ward him off.

But of course he had expected this sort of struggle, so he strode right on forwards, grabbing and shoving her legs aside to get into position as he stepped up over her chest and just dropping his weight down hard. He could hear as well as feel a few cracking ribs as she coughed hard, gasping and wheezing a bit for air, which let him lean forwards, scooting his knees so that they mashed and dug hard into her upper arms, pinning them to either side while cutting off the blood flow. He laughed a bit, glaring down at her, “Night hon,” is all he said as he saddled his groin up over her face and pushed down. In an instant her muzzletip was mashed hard up underneath his ballsac, his dick flopped down over her head starting to twitch to slight arousal, beginning to grow excited at the prospect of fun to be had. He probably hadn't mentioned he had come here with the full intention of raping her, if not something worse to boot. His arms reached down to grab at the sides of her head, clutching tightly at her horns with his gloved fingers and just mashing her face painfully up into his crotch.

And finally he sat back just a touch, letting his fat ass mash against her chest, compressing her already aching lungs, with her head still buried beneath his ballsac, thighs clenching hard at the sides of her head. Surprisingly, though, it wasn't the lack of oxygen that was hardest to deal with, it was Careb's musk. It was heady, ungodly even, making it seem to Lomi as if the humidity around her head had increased a dozen fold. She could feel sweat and musky moistness smear off against her face, soaking into her fur, making her gag violently. It made her eyes sting and water, he nostrils and throat burned as she coughed and sputtered, “C'mon now, breathe it in good!” he growls out in amusement and delight at her distress. Even as the assaulted beast herself lets out numerous muffled noises, whimpering “Mrnhff!” and “Grhrf!” sounds near-silently beneath her assailant's efforts. She had no choice but to try to breathe, but each time it just resulted in a fresh frenzy of gagging, choking, and coughing. This went on for a few minutes as he kept his tight hold on her horns, bearing her face into his fuzzy groin with a painful insistance, the sweaty heat of it simply suffocating her little by little.. She starts to struggle more for the last moments of consciousness as a frenzy of self-preservation kicked in, her legs jabbing up at the air and thunking against the floor as her arms tried to fight and grab and push, but unable - partially from being pinned, and partially from having the blood flow cut off for long minutes to her extremities. Just a bit longer and her struggles lessened, finding it harder to grasp, to kick and fight, as her eyes roll back a touch before, all at once, her body just slumps, going totally limp, asphyxiated to the point of unconsciousness. As soon as she drops limp he lifts up, all but peeling his nutsac off her face from the musky grime smeared there. His dick bounced and twitched half hard above her muzzle, the foreskin bulging slightly as his dick pissed forth a stream of precum, which flooded into that extra flesh, cause it to bulge lewdly, fattened out by the fluids gathering within the ample foreskin, before finally said flounds found a way out and oozed down sloppily all over Lomi's features as she wheezed and gasped for air in uncon-

sciousness.

With that Careb reached down to grab at her horns, dragging her roughly and bodily along the floor rather carelessly, opening the door to the master bathroom and all but tossing her body in, head first, causing her to land with a resounding, heavy thud and a jostling of her form, surely to wake bruised and battered. With that he wandered right off back to his truck he had driven, snatching up a few things and bringing them back in, once more closing and locking the front door from inside, then doing the same with the bathroom door. He glanced around the inside of the room, nice and large as many monster's bathrooms were, with an enormous garden tub. It was almost too perfect! He dropped a handfull of things to the ground, leather and bondage and such, not caring that a few metal bits thunked against her skull or body painfully, just letting it all drop on top of her. He then set to the task at hand, grabbing at her body and rolling her over so that he could tug both her arms behind her, easily securing them with steel cuffs, the perfect kind to dig into fur and flesh and cause a good deal of comfort. He then grabbed her face roughly, prying her jaws apart as wide as they would go, choosing the fattest, widest ring-gag he could find in his little collection he dragged in, stuffing it into her jaws, feeling her mouth strain from the width of it, but even the largest ring he had would be a tight fit as is for him, so it was a necessity! With that in place he even took a second to grab his dick and line it up to the now gaped maw and the gag holding her jaws apart, making sure things looked about right. He nodded satisfactorally, dropping her head back onto the hard flood with another sound whud. Just for good measure he wrapped her ankles together by means of a few straps of leather, no cuffs or anything else, just snugly secured and immobile.

He then paused to survey the bathroom a second time in greater detail, getting a nice inventory of just what was there and what he could use. He spied a couple items and couldn't help but laugh aloud, thinking for sure it was almost too perfect! With a plan in mind the hulking monster stripped off his clothing, leaving himself completely naked, but then put the large, elbow and thigh long gloves and boots back on, making him look a tad comical. With that he dragged Lomi right up into the tub, grabbing her horns and hefting her right up and over the tub's side, dumping her body into it with another harsh thud, reaching up to turn on the water after plugging up the drain, “Alrighty dear, time to rise n' shine!” he chortled, briefly turning on the shower and grabbed the hand-held showerhead so he could spray it right onto Lomi's face.

He watched the water course over her features, spattering into her eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth, and after a few seconds she started to cough and convulse, though thankfully it did wash off some of the lingering musk-stink he had rubbed off onto her features. As she began to come to he replaced the shower head and pushed the knob to route the water back to the tub faucet, letting it slowly start to fill. And then he turned around, shifting his weight so that he was facing the opposite direction as her, so that if he were to lay down it'd be a nice, classic 69 position! But, of course, his intention was anything but shared pleasure, the big fucker reaching back between his legs to grab at her face, lining her gagged mouth up with his cocktip, even while raising his hips and leaning back, guiding his sagging, half-hard dick just the same so things aligned properly. He pushed it right up to her widely-spread lips, pressing to the wide opening the ring-gag created, though still it seems it'll be a snug fit and he's only just getting hard! He tensed up a bit with a grunts and squeezes out another lingering pissed stream of precum, the fluid welling up within his foreskin again before spurting out, splattering over her face, lips and tongue, gathering within her jaws, helping to get the sputtering monster-ess awake.

She finally came fully to, her face wet and doused, her breathing a bit struggled from precum slopped within her jaws as well as the water that had sprayed within, coughing up globs of the two fluids mixed as her eyes started to focus. All she could see was Careb's ass above her, his thick rump tensed and his thighs framing her head nicely. “Hhgkhh.. hhuhf.. wha.. whahfrrf.. gn.. sthsh..! GHrghk! Gugughh!” she chokes out, but finding it remarkably hard to really formulate anything close to words with her mouth gagged in such a way. He doesn't pay any heed, anyhow, simply dropping his hips at this point, letting her watch his ballsac descend and smother her face once more, even as his dickhead pushed to the ring-gag's opening, the foreskin mashing into said opening and starting to get pulled back from the snugness, exposing his cock's actual flesh to the soft warmth of her jaws as he plunged right in, suddenly arching his back as his hips dove downwards. In an instant she had a face-full of his crotch and a mouthfull of his dick. But what's worse is that his shaft easily reached long enough to jab at her throat and stuff right down into her gullet, making her neck bulge just a tad from its fatness while also causing ample amounts of gulping and gagging noises and sensations around his cock, much to his delight. Careb groaned out, baring his fangs in pleasure as he rocked his hips side to side, grinding his groin and balls across her face, even as his cock hardened up slowly, already feeling the ring digging into his cockflesh.

Careb laughed aloud as his body tensed up a bit, “Uhnng.. ooh honey, you got a nice mouth, s'good an' soft!” he chortled to himself, speaking to her as if she were a consensual lover sharing pleasure. He finally decided to set things in motion, angling his hips downwards a bit as he drew back once more, slowly sliding inch after inch of his ample, fleshy meat from her mouth and throat, letting her gagging and choking for air relax for just a moment, before slamming right back down, hilting hard against her face, though his balls remained firmly planted upon her features, so heavy and low-slung that withdrawing his dick halfway doesn't

pull them up in the slightest from her face. He immediately picked up a nice, steady rhythm of sliding his hips back a half foot or so and then pumping right back down in a sharp, staccato motion, only to then repeat, the air starting to fill with his grunts along with Lomi's gags and guttural, muffled pleas. But with it, too, comes the splashing and sloshing of the water, which was strangely still filling the tub, rushing up about half full already by that point!

He slammed his hips down particularly firmly, shoving his victim a bit further down into the tub, from where her head had been propped up against the sloped back of the tub furthest from the faucet, pusing her body slightly moreso beneath the water. “Alright, dear.. It's been pretty fun but it's time for the real deal, a'right? You just relax and.. well..” he just laughs out a bit as his words trail off, at a bit of a loss for what other advice to offer his poor victim at this point! While resting with his dick hilted between her lips he could feel the ring-gag starting to really dig into his flesh, making it swell all the fatter and harder, an effect very similar to wearing an actual cockring. It caused his shaft to over-engorge with blood, stretching poor Lomi's throat and jaws all the wider as a result, making damn sure she's getting scarce to no oxygen with each desperate attempt to gasp for air.

Careb takes in a deep, long breath and lets it out all at once.. then suddenly he jerks his hips up hard a few inches befor reversing, hammering down forcefully, bludgeoning his crotch to her face harshly, which serves to shove her a bit further still down into the tub, the water rushing higher and higher within the bathtub, already finding its way up along her chest and the lower parts of her neck! His cock twitches and throbs, precum pissing forth with exceptional pressure due to the ring gag, serving to back up the fluids until they manage to squeeze past that blockage and burst forth sloppily deep into her gullet, some of it backwashing up Lomi's throat, gurgling up into her jaws and oozing from her nostrils after painfully flooding her sinuses. Careb seems to run on a somewhat short fuse, already starting to tense a bit, “UuUUUhhnn.. ah.. ahhn.. he.. heerre.. we go..!” he snarls out, suddenly reaching his hands down and giving her shoulders a firm shove downwards, while at the same time hilting his dick between her jaws, no longer thrusting, edging close to orgasm!

But his intention starts to become clear, for his push on Lomi's shoulders slid her back further along the slope at the tub's backage, such that her head was now submerged completely! And more concerning was Careb's thighs and crotch smothering her face, even under the water. What little oxygen she could get before was now replaced with liquid, and quickly a few burbles and bubbles started to run up along his groin! Her legs started to kick, thrashing about wildly as best as they could while bound, her arms trying to do the same. The sadistic monster didn't pull back or even thrust, no doubt trying to let his victim's wild struggles get him off, already having edged so very close, feeling her attempt to cry out, her efforts to gag and choke for air, but but only choking down water around fat dickflesh, helping things along, “Nnhhg.. yy.. yeah.. come on! Almost there sweety.. just.. UHHnn.. fuck.. feels so good.. choke on it, nnh!” he goaded and taunted. He tensed his groin up, trying to ride those building waves of pleasures just a touch longer, when he glanced over at the nearby bathroom counter, noticing the one other object that had caught his attention before.

Lomi was already lacking oxygen, her eyes wide under the water, her body thrashing and jerking, but that just uses up what little oxygen she has all the faster! Second by second she nears drowning, and her body knows it, starting to choke and retch violently in attempts to clear her airway and continue breathing, though futile as they are. If she could have seen Careb's grin she might have been even more worried, for as he reached over to the counter and grabbed at something, she felt something metallic suddenly jabbing and pushing between her legs. Still wearing his rubber gloves and boots he had snatched up one of the lady monster's beauty items, a curling iron, and plugged it in! Unceremoniously he dunked it between the water and crammed the metallic object right up into her cunt.

As soon as it hit the water her body arched as the electrical circuit was complete, making her twitch and spasm wildly, which immediately caused Careb to snarl out, arching his back as he slammed his hips down a few times, painfully thunking the back of her head against the tub's bottom a few times, though by this point poor Lomi would find blissful unconsciouness from all the lack of oxygen, having to suffer only a few moments of burning-hot metal shoving into her sensitive vagina combined with the electric discharge of the plugged-in device. Her body kept doing its thing, however, jerking and twitching until the socket shorts out, but it was more than enough – Careb had begun to eagerly unload his orgasm deep into her throat, his insides aching from working his thick, disgusting fluid through his own plumbing, gaping his cumslit buried inside her neck to pump forth the first hot, almost tarry stream of sperm, the stuff gurgling down into Lomi's already pre-slopped belly. The contect of his flesh within her mouth meant he got a bit of a jolt as well, but it was more a pleasant tingle for the larger monster, helping to get his muscles clenching and cumming hard, his body tensed up in spasmic release, his eyes shut and head tilted back as he came, force-feeding the unconscious monster his every drop, which for a monster his size easily equated to every pint.

He still didn't relent, as he kept her beneath the water, not even bothering to remove the curling iron's searing metal from her unconcious body, riding out the full length of his orgasm, during which the poor Lomi's demise was all but certain. Careb certainly didn't care – it's just another day in the life!

Under the Bed

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Rape What you Sow

Start your Own Sex Garden

By Grumbletits Farkley

The art of erotic botany has become increasingly popular over the past decade. Its appeals are many, and more than just the benefit of having dangerous sex in the comfort of your own greenhouse bring even the most amateur of gardeners to delve into this rewarding - if rash-inducing - pastime. Should you be a humble beginner or only curious about the hobby, you'll find some valuable tips and considerations below to assist you in getting started.

First things first - one should always know what's in store for them as soon as they pick up their seeds or bulbs. Your retailer may not know everything, or may not even be in the mood to educate you on various species. Once you're out of his store and in the slimy, acid-oozing maw of a Brazilian Clamping Goatmuncher, you're not his problem. For instance, Goatmunchers certainly don't just munch goats - dicks and arms are fair game. Glunkoya Trees have a tantalizingly phallic appendage that will explode into thousands of poisonous thorns when pressure is applied to it. Violet Sap-Spitters aren't even violet. Most newcomers have very limited knowledge on the more exotic species of flora and should do their research before venturing into the world of erotic gardening. Know what your garden will require as far as environment, food, light, water, and whether or not a flamethrower is something you need to accompany you on your first night in the greenhouse.

Spongeroot Cockguzzler

No need for plant food - this tall, flowering plant can subsist entirely from your sexual fluids.

Once your garden is mature and lively, it's time to explore what nature never intended. Approach differs with species, but the basics are as follows:

- **Feed the meat-eaters before play.** Remember: You are meat! They will eat you if they're hungry.
- **Plants don't care for foreplay.** Leaf-stroking, sap-licking, and root-fondling will not entice your plant. Indulge yourself in such activities only if desired.
- **Know what you're ingesting.** Many plants ooze acid, toxins, and hallucinogens. The latter can make for an amplified experience in moderation.
- **Vines can be stronger than they look.** If you find yourself in the entwining clutches of a horny Gungleberry, you might be there for longer than you bargained for. Beforehand, ask yourself - am I as willing

as my libido to have a massive, sap-squirting pistil jammed in my ass for several hours?

- Different plants leave different rashes. Explore and experiment! Do you prefer scabby red patches or blistering boils?
- Semen is not always substitute for watering your garden. Some species (excluding ones such as the rare and exotic Spongeroot Cockguzzler) cannot subsist off sexual fluids. Keep in mind that this may vary wildly depending on your particular pH, diet, and consistency. Get yourself tested and see if you've got built-in plant feed!

Another important subject in erotic gardening is more than just basic plant care, but also reproduction! Plants reproduce in ways as varied as the manners in which they grow and eat; which is to say, many ways! This portion is especially important as many plants have relatively short lifespans and you will need to keep your botanical buddies churning out little ones to keep your greenhouse flourishing.

As mentioned above, ALWAYS do your research! This cannot be stressed enough! Entire volumes are being written on this subject this very day, and there simply isn't enough room to cover it all here - know what you're getting into (or might be getting into you!) There's a few more tips below to help with some considerations about the basics, even so!

- Some plants reproduce parasitically. You may have to act as a host, or find a suitable (unlucky!) one if all else fails. But again, you MUST do your research! Some plants are none too kind to their host in this process!

- Symbiotic reproduction is also common-place, but not always terminated upon the plant's maturity. Unless you're considering a permanent addition of flora to your persona, do your research first!

- Many tree-type and fruit-bearing plants just need something warm and moist. While not quite the same as symbiotic or parasitic, seeing as how some plain ol' dirt will do, you can get creative if you have some willing friends or unwilling victims in for a long ride of plant parenthood!

Goatmuncher

This large, hardy carnivore not only munches goats as its name suggests. Fuck with caution!

Glunkoya Tree
Only extreme masochists need apply here! Those appealingly phallic fruits are not for the feint of heart.

Jubjub Fruit

Some plants are less sex partner and more sex toy. The fruit of the Jubjub can be plucked and fucked!

- There are even a few more recently discovered plants which engage in full-on coitus with one another. This often firing a pod of fertilized seed or saplings (or in one specific case a dart injecting a nearby host with the former!) to spread their plantlings.

- Larger mantrap type species will often devour an unlucky host much in the same way they would their meals. It's hard to say which is worse for said host, however!

Once again, this only scratches the surface - many plants use multiple forms, or a mixture of two, and some species use entierly different methods! It can't be emphasized enough so here it is one more time - DO YOUR RESEARCH. You really want to know whether you'll have one happy jizz-slurping Cockguzzler for five years, which is its expected lifespan, or be busy trying to keep your Nutstench shrubs alive and well by their unusual methods of reproduction, month after month!

Erotic gardening, while not for everyone, is an exciting hobby with an acceptably low mortality rate. Find the green thumb you never knew you had risk losing it to a hungry plant!

Parasite Fungus

Some plants enhance your sexual garden by means of potent aphrodesiac spores - it's not without side effects, though.

A Night on the Town

By Phoenix T'ril

Straight | Non-Consensual | Oviposition | Cockfucking | Mpreg

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"Nuh uh. Tonight, I'm going solo," Okk said confidently, into his phone. "You can go get your own."

"Yeah, right!" The gravelly voice at the other end chimed in, made clipped and strange by the phone. "I'm the one who's always setting you up, man. You'll be lucky to get anything on your own. C'mon, at least let me go with you. Which bar?"

Okk laughed, a deep, rolling chuckle that made the grotesque portraits on the wall vibrate. "Hah! I don't think so. You're not gonna steal my thunder."

"Buddy, you got all the thunder in the world to spare. Good luck, man." With an exasperated sigh, the line clicked and went silent.

"I don't need luck." Okk said, shoving his phone clumsily half-into his pocket, fat fingers catching on his jeans. "I got looks."

Okk turned to the mirror, and resumed the primping and preening that he had been indulging in before his distracting phone call. He took a step back, tugging on his shirt collar. One dapper beast. Six and a half feet of stocky, lady-lovin' machine. Or so the train of thought went.

Okk was hefty, no doubt about it. His stocky body filled out the button-down shirt and jeans he was wearing, just about the nicest things he owned. He liked to go down and dirty sometimes, but this time, he was going to try and catch something a little higher up the social ladder. The shirt strained over his thick, barrel chest, his thick, elephantine grey skin showing from the elbows and neck.

His legs were half as thick as his chest, and his arms not far behind, a lumbering individual by any account. Two sets of pointed ears, four eyes set on either side of a short, piggish snout that featured tusks on either side, nicely filed for the occasion. The mop of black hair on his head had been carefully (clumsily) braided into something approaching dreadlocks that draped over and between his ears.

Okk made sure his phone was off, and then tucked the thing down into his pocket with a chubby, stubby thumb. Wallet (with appropriately jumbo-sized condom), keys, phone. Everything a guy needs for a night on the town.

Okk grinned, all sixty teeth shining. "Let's rock." He said, puffing himself up, and then stomped out the door, pictures vibrating on the wall in sympathy.

Two hours later, the Handsome Hyena Bar and Tavern was host to the most depressed-looking boariphant this side of the Divide.

Awkwardly perched on a barstool that looked dangerously close to failure, Okk stared down into his beer. Regarding the bubbles for a while, he grunted and then shotgunned the bottle, ignoring the scratched, cracked glass to his side. The last time he had tried to use it, it had caught on his tusks and he'd damn near broken the thing in his mouth. The bartender hadn't the heart to come back and take it yet.

His night had not gone to plan. Not only was the Handsome Hyena one of the sharpest, nicest-looking places in the city, but it was also the most insanely expensive. The martinis and mixers that he had started off with, he had written them off as the cost of doing business. Gradually, as his evening has declined, he had progressed down the menu to the cheapest things on the list.

Okk was hilariously out of his league, and it seemed everyone knew it. He had tried six times with six...five seperate hot chicks, one of which looked like they might even be able to accommodate him physically.

He had long since become accustomed to sating himself in other, creative means, as his gifted endowment usually left him utterly without any sort of relief without resorting to a monster-sized fleshlight, or going home to find a female of his own species. Females who were usually gruff, nasty, and ill-tempered.

Okk was fine with that, but it usually meant they left marks on his dick, which Okk wasn't fine with.

He surveyed the bar once more. Okk counted. Said no, said no, threw a drink at him, said no, slapped him. Hmm.

She's new.

The woman in question was a looker, to be sure. Tiny, compared to Okk, a mere five and a half-ish feet. Exotic. Blue with glowing cyan stripes, she looked like a salamander of some sort, with lips drawn tight and thin, wearing a slinky red strapless dress that barely came to her thighs. He couldn't see her tits the way her arm was positioned, so they were probably small and unimpressive, but that never stopped him before. Her eyes were narrowed and taut, glowing white eyes with shiny blue irises peering out at the world on either side of her head, verging on bulbous.

She saw Okk coming from a mile away, but said nothing as he abused another barstool beside her.

"You rrreek of dessperrration." She said, rolling her r's in a peculiar accent that Okk couldn't quite place in his drunken state. She didn't even move her head, which threw Okk further; with his inset, piggish face, he was unfamiliar with the idea that she could see him without actually looking at him with those side-set reptilian eyes. Her fingers curled restlessly around a martini glass, with long, pointed fingernails.

"Hello to you too," He said, in his deep, gravelly bass. "So what if I do?"

The woman's head turned in a deliberate, graceful twist of her neck, leaning her jaw onto her hand. "Why would I want to sspeak to a creature that has been rejected by everyone elsse?" She continued, sounding almost bored.

Okk knew better. It was a challenge, not boredom. He'd heard that tone before, played the game enough times. "Because I was rejected," He said, grinning sidelong. "You want a piece of what everyone else is missing out on."

"I am accustomed to taking the leavings of everyone else?" The woman said indignantly, arching what passed for an eyebrow, a glowing stripe of skin over her right eye.

"Naw, naw." Okk backpedaled, with a laugh. "You want to see somethin' out of the ordinary." He grinned, showing all his teeth. She didn't blink. Good sign. "These cats, they all want their walkups and fancy things and the same ol' damn thing every night. You could have walked in here and taken a pick of any ol' guy and had 'em on your arm. But here you sit, nursin' that martini." He took a swig of his beer. "Waitin' for the right thing to come along."

The woman paused, and her eyes blinked in series, membranes slithering down over first one eye and then the other. "And you think that you are this right thing, mm?" She said, her tone shifted. Okk felt a little thrill inside. Hooked. Reel it in.

"I know I'm the right thing." Okk said boldly, swigging the last of his beer. "'N so are you. The right thing. Yep." He clomped the empty down on the bartop, stubby fingers sliding off of it.

The salamander woman laughed and shook her head, twisting on her barstool at last to face him. Tits, smallish, no biggie. "You are clumsssy and foolisssh and overconfident." She said, bemusedly, putting peculiar emphasis on the hard consonants. "But I think I would like to try ssome of thiss 'right thing' as you say. For a change, you ssee."

"Of course. Fer a change." He said, canting his head back, appraising his trophy.

The salamander woman slid off of her barstool; her head didn't even shift as her neck rotated, staying perfectly level, a trick he'd only ever seen avian species pull off. She leaned up close, hooking one foot on top of his stocky, thick hide and digging in the spiked heel a little, making him growl. This propelled her up to whispering range, and she let the heel dig in while she murmured in his ear, a hand delicately wringing his bicep.

"I'm a lot bigger on the inside, big man." She hissed, her salamandery lips tugging at the tip of his lower left ear. "But I play rough."

"I'm tough." He said, smoothly.

Her heel dug a little further into the wrinkled, leathery skin of his ankle, making him wince just a little. "Yess, thiss I ssee. Come." Her fingers tugged at his ear and she slid off of him, clambering back down his side. Those spiked heels clicked on the floor smartly as she turned and walked away, not even needing to glance back over her shoulder to see that he was clumsily dismounting the barstool and clomping after her.

The walk to her place took a while, and the alcohol had a chance to set in a little further. Still, with Okk's bulk, what should have left any other male drowning in his own spew merely left him pleasantly tipsy. Tipsy enough to appreciate that slender, athletic ass that kept pirouetting and teasing him along. Half of the time, he had been carrying her, groping her smooth, perfect ass through the dress with his clumsy fingers, making her moan.

She lived in a house, several blocks away. It was a townhouse, tall and narrow in the city streets, still beneath the glow of streetlights and within sight of skyscraper windows. It was a nice part of town, one of the nicest, nowhere near what he was used to in the suburbs. Nice leap up the social ladder. Felt good to get out of the gutter for a while.

Okk slammed the door behind him with his stocky, clumsy foot, with his prize in his arms, kissing him furiously. Actually, it was more of her kissing him everywhere, licking with that long, salamander tongue between his tusks. Carried in his stocky arms, she was able to come face to face with him easily, and made good use of her position to fawn and stroke over him.

"Basement apartment." She sputtered as she kissed him, pointing to a door over her shoulder at the base of the sweeping staircase. "Roommates."

Whatever. He carried her to the door, found the knob and twisted, descending the already lit stairs. Thoughtfully, she shut the door behind him with a frantic shove, before they descended out of range.

Okk could barely fit down the stairs, but he managed to squeeze into the basement without bumping his head. Or hers. The basement was sparsely, but comfortably furnished, one large room. TV set, couch.

Bed.

He rushed back towards it just as he felt a pinch on his neck as her peculiar fingernails scratched at him, and he couldn't help but laugh when she sprung back from him onto the bed. She sprawled artfully over the covers, legs splayed and propping up her lower body, grinning toothlessly at him as she let him see right up the hem of his dress.

Naturally, Okk liked what he saw, seeing as she wasn't wearing anything under the dress; the pouty, fat-lipped cunt looked like it had been exercised pretty well. He might be able to get further than he'd hoped.

His stubby fingers fumbled with the button of his jeans, but she hissed and held up a finger, crawling back forward on the bed to his waist, kneeling and tucking her legs underneath herself, her delicate fingers curling into the waistband of his jeans. With an agonizing slowness, she worked the button free, while his clumsy fingers dealt with the shirt. Soon, his rotund, beer-gut belly and soft chest was freed from first the shirt, and then the jeans, his boxers writhing with the package.

She actually yelped, jumped back and then burst out laughing with a hand over her tits.

"Yeah, prehensile, baby!" Okk laughed uproariously, shoving his boxers down his legs. His glistening crimson cock was already curling restlessly against his thighs, most of the way out of the sheath. It was thick and contoured along the length to the spade-shaped, vaguely pointed tip, the wrinkled, leathery sheath bunched up at the base.

His pride was the better part of a foot long, and as thick as a can of beer at the base, tapering gradually towards the slightly flared, scooping tip. Already his pisshole was leaking a river of precum onto his jeans, which he ignored.

"This is amusing." The salamander woman said, still with a grin on her face, creeping back towards the alien organ on all fours, gradually coming to kneel in front of him on the bed. She reached out, and with a grunt of effort, Okk made the thing wrap around her outstretched hand once, waving to and fro in a show.

What she did next surprised him to no end. Her toothless mouth opened and then engulfed his length, gulping it like a snake would prey, mouthing and swallowing. Okk's beady eyes got bigger and bigger until he thought he was going to have a heart attack. Or come. Or both. Her lips actually touched his sheath.

With a flourish, the salamander woman drew her lips back in a long, powerful slurp, suction pulling at the taut, red skin until it popped free. Before he could speak, she held up a finger again, rising to stand on the bed in front of him. Reaching back, she unzipped her dress, and let it fall against his front.

"Me ffirssst." She hissed, with her peculiar accent and a mischevious grin. She leaped up on him and shoved, twisting until Okk fell back onto the bed with an ominous groaning from the metal bed frame, her atop his gut. Her dress stayed plastered to his chest, which he unceremoniously balled up and discarded. Looking back up at her, Okk could see those cyan stripes formed a pattern down her sides and belly, meeting in the middle in an alternating pattern like a zipper, just luminescent enough to cast a foxfire glow over his front.

She clambered over him, sliding down between his legs and then practically having to scale his thighs. Her breasts weren't even large enough to dangle, with a body lithe and fit like a dancer. The nipples on them were thick eraser-nubs, jutting out at mismatched angles toward him. She hunched over, raising her thick, salamandery tail and creeping up, crouching predatorially over his crotch.

Okk did the hard work for her once she was in position overtop of him, and guided his thick, slick length to her entrance, nestling the spade-tip of his brimming, leaking shaft against her almost rubbery-feeling folds. Precum was already drooling back in syrupy strands to ooze onto his lower belly.

"My pace." She said, reaching out and putting a finger on the end of his blunt nose, drawing his gaze up from the imminent squelchy union of flesh between her crouched legs, astride his stocky thighs.

Okk nodded, eyes still wide, grinning uncontrollably. Tonight was going great. This was fantastic. He'd be willing to let her ride him like a cowgirl all night if it got him another shot at that mouth of hers.

Okk slipped inside her, and he made another show of twisting and eeling his cock around her inner walls, gliding the length to and fro. He tried to keep it steady as she sank back down on it gradually. His eyes got bright again as she worked him inside of her, slowly lowering herself down inch by inch onto the length.

"Wh-what about condom." He blurted out dopily, blinking himself back out of his fascinated stupor, watching his shaft gradually disappear into her hot, sticky folds. She was cloying, rubbery, and sopping like a sponge with his precum and her sweet-smelling juices, squelching in effortlessly.

"Fffuck your condom," she said smoothly, "Or fffuck me."

"Hah!" Okk laughed, shaking his head. "You're crazy, girl."

She simply grinned back up at him as her lips met the base of his length, impossibly engulfing the entirety of his length inside of her.

"How the fuck are you even doing that?" He asked, shaking his head slowly. "I've never..."

"Sssshut the fuck up." She muttered, arching her back, eyes shut and jaw clenching. "Now, do it, 'ssstud'. Give me all that you have."

"Yes ma'am." He grinned, and reached up hands on her hips to help hold her steady as she started to move. It was a slow process, at first, finding the rhythm they were both comfortable with.

He tensed his hips repeatedly, drawing his fat, slick cock back into his body several inches before plunging it back into her, eventually settling into a steady pace where she dropped onto his ascending cock with a throaty groan, arching into his touch when his chubby, thick hands slid up her lean body. She was muscular and firm beneath his fingers, the skin dimpling only slightly, but there were cords of sinew beneath that stripy, glowing flesh of hers.

Her stripes flared, glowing like an iridescent tiger crouched over Okk's stocky, elephantine body. Her smooth head tipped back, moaning greedily each time her body swallowed his thick, tensing length, writhing inside of her seemingly endless, flexible walls. Okk had never felt anything like this, clutching and tugging so wantonly at him, and he arched restlessly in the bed,

practically whimpering in delight.

Okk's clumsy hands roamed over her chest, his thumbs squeezing over the jutting nipples, making her hiss and strain. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth, long threads of drool hanging from it within a second, pattering to his chest. He didn't care. He slurped it up and leaned to kiss her, careful to keep his lips over his gnashy assortment of teeth and his tusks from impaling something important.

Her insides milked at him, incessantly. Okk couldn't believe how strong she was, making him moan into the kiss, a sound decidedly unlike him. His normal brash masculine composure was faltering under her feverish kneading and tugging on his throbbing prick.

He gave up trying to make sense of it, and let her set the pace, barely needing to move his hips at all with the way he was able to piston his shaft back and forth through the slurping lips of his sheath, the fat length spearing her to the hilt each time. Operating on instinct, he dimly wondered if he was being too hard, with the meaty "shluck, shluck" noises from between her thighs, but his concerns were silenced with her eager-sounding cries.

Okk's eyes closed and his head rolled back against the pillow beneath his head, grunting at the top of his lungs, gutteral and throaty. He didn't even care if the basement had good soundproofing, but with the racket she was making, it apparently wasn't a concern.

It didn't take Okk long before he felt his balls churning, the tightness spreading in his loins, driven and whipped to a quick climax under the force of her tugging, kneading cunt around him. He could feel the spade-shaped tip ballooning inside of her, and dimly, part of him wondered for the salamander woman's safety as the thing flared within her sopping, oozing cuntlips.

When she let out a delighted shriek of pleasure at the bloating flare, his concerns were put to rest and replaced with a lewd, toothy grin. A moment later, a powerful climax rolled up his spine like a tidal wave and he roared out his own pleasure in reply, helpless to stop it. She hissed and clawed at his chest, her powerful, experienced walls milking him for every drop, spasming like a vice around his jutting monster prick.

The syrupy mess that drooled from her sex around his sac and down to the bedsheets was purely her essence, her body slurping every drop from him and drawing it away impossibly inside her. She kept spasming, and he kept shooting, until his balls ached with how much his muscles had tensed and spasmed to deliver his load inside of her.

Okk's composure gradually returned once his orgasm had, at last, run its course, but his body felt like lead. He sprawled bonelessly into the bed, finding comfortable places for his limbs, sensing he was going to have to cuddle for a while, and maybe let her fall asleep on him somewhere. The last time Okk did that, the oaf mused, he was left with a tingling forearm for a week.

"Fuck." He breathed, rolling his head into the pillow again, thumping his head back heavily. Sweat crawled down his thick hide from between the crevices of his leathery skin, itching. "That was amazing."

Her head slowly tipped back level with his, and she grinned, her chest barely heaving.

"Damn, girl, you got a lot of stamina." He rumbled, incredulously, peering down his blunt snout at her.

"I'm glaad you had a flare." She said, arching back nonchalantly over him, rubbing her hands down the back of her neck, smoothly stroking, showing herself off to him.

"And whysat?" He slurred, resting heavily in the bed, his chest heaving. He still felt winded, having to concentrate on breathing. He hadn't come this hard in a long time.

"Makesss it easssier for me to hold onto you." She cooed, arching down over him, stroking his shoulders. "You're nice and durable."

"Hey, I did say that I was tough!" He laughed, and then moved his hand to stroke her cheek.

His hand didn't move.

He blinked, and looked down at his hand. He tried to wiggle his fingers, and they refused to cooperate. He looked past her at his thick toes, and tried to do the same thing, and they refused too.

"What the fuck did you do!" He shrieked, giving her just enough time to slam the thick rubber gag into his mouth, the cool, smooth surface giving his sharp teeth plenty of thick, foamy material to sink into, his tusks thrashing uselessly beyond. A few squeezes to the bulb at the base, and the air bladder inside inflated enough to plug his lips up snugly.

"I paralyzed you." The salamander bitch replied, easily, leaning back on his thighs and rocking slowly. "That nick on your neck, earlier. Surprised you didn't notice it. I'm glad I could have fun with you first, most of the time I have to skip the pleasantries because it works too fast." She laughed, in a sickening singsong. "But you're biiig and you're tooooough and you can taaake it."

He could feel everything, but nothing would work. His cock was still trapped inside of her, and now he could feel something moving, shifting in her gut. One of her slender hands slid down her front to where her navel would be if she was a mammal, squeezing and stroking, letting out a moan. "This part always feels so good. For me, anyway."

The pain came a moment later, and he screamed into the gag. It felt like she was forcing a beer bottle down the end of his cock, but it was all he could do to scream, shrieking desperately into the gag, wheezing breath through his piggish nostrils. She let out a low moan as her body shifted, bulging unnaturally along her gut.

Lifting herself up, straightening her legs, his cock came slithering back out of her. He could see it was an angry, swollen purple right from the base, and dimly, he was aware of a tingling burn as the cool air kissed the sensitive, stretched flesh. What came next made Okk

scream again, though; the head of his cock was engulfed by a translucent tube of sickly green membraneous flesh, extruding from her sloppy cuntlips like a prolapse.

Through it, he could see the tip of his cock impaled and distended around a thick tube that halfway-filled the membraneous sheath. The sausage-skin sheath was stretched and hooked around the underside of his flare, the swollen head of his shaft stretching the slimy green sheath with whatever drugs she had already pumped into him. The smell hit him a moment later, chlorophyll and brine, sharp in his nostrils and overwhelming the musky scent of their lovemaking.

The elephantine monster whimpered loudly, trying to shake his head, but he couldn't even do that anymore. He was forced to watch as she pointed everything out. "My proboscis and sheath." She said, casually, as if she was talking about her dress. "Don't be alarmed. You're no good to me if you're dead, you know."

Okk couldn't look at her. Not because he couldn't stand to, but because his eyes weren't cooperating anymore. The dull, leaden sensation had spread everywhere. He stared in horrified fascination as the tube within the sheath, impaling his cockhead, swelled with a mixture of white and green sludge. Streaked and lumpy, the mess descended through the tube one terrifying millimetre at a time to meet his cocktip. Once it did, he could see his urethra distend around its new cargo, and he screamed anew in pain as it started to pump down into his length.

His cock bulged along its underside obscenely, held stiff and upright like a common mammalian shaft from her potent venom, purpled and swollen. It was like forcing mud through a fleshy, ever-diminishing straw, the slurry of mixed seed and whatever other horrors she possessed pumping down his shaft.

Her head rolled around on her shoulders, gritting her teeth and hissing repeatedly as she pumped the mess into him, gripping his chest hard enough to leave welts even with his tough, durable skin. He felt her nails digging into him, his eyes twitching weakly back and forth, taking all of his strength just to move them up and down. Wheezing breath incoherently through his throat to muster up his fervent, gagged screams was about the sum of his resistance, now.

The agony of that sludge pumping down his cock was unbearable, but try as he might, Okk couldn't do anything to stop it. She kept pumping, her thighs visibly tensing inward, contracting her hips in powerful spasms of her muscles to expel the sludgy filth. It was obviously his seed, but it had been mixed with something else, something horrific and alien. He was forced to endure every agonizing inch as the slime crawled down his cock and started to spread out in his loins.

"We want this to go....aah." The salamander thing sighed in delight, and then he felt a sickening twinge somewhere behind his dick, and a strange, growing pressure in his sac. The ache intensified exponentially, his ballsac's skin bloating and swelling as the load of muddy, lumpy sludge was pumped in with deliberate, excruciating slowness, crushing and displacing his tender testicles within.

Gradually, the already heavy orbs sagged even lower between his motionless thighs, purpling as the flesh grew inflamed and irritated at being abused and

pstretched so with the alien sludge, and his immune system tried in vain to expel the foreign matter from his body.

"Just a little allergic reaction," the salamander thing said, casually, craning over to examine him with a clinical eye. She was calm, collected, even as she kept tensing up to force out the slime, to give birth to whatever unholy mixture was creeping down his length. "That's good. Sometimes my lovers go into anaphylaxis, and that's very inconvenient."

Okk fell into a haze as the stuff kept pumping into him. He remembered wailing, tears running down his cheeks, the tender agony of his cock being violated again and again, each time growing more swollen and puffy and tender from the repeated doses of venom meant to keep him stiff and in place despite his utter paralysis.

The slurry squished through an ever narrowing, but ultimately always accommodating tube of flesh right down the middle of his shaft. His urethra was surprisingly durable, though he had never sought to test that little detail, meant to carry half a litre of spunk into a willing (or at least vaguely acquiescent) female with each climax.

Each time he tried to pass out, his body (or her venom, or both) willed him awake, keeping him desperately wheezing and gurgling around his fat gag, his body stubbornly refusing to cooperate with any of his demands.

By the time the salamander-impostor's proboscis stopped pumping and withdrew from his length, the tip scraping along the inflamed, irritated walls, he was barely aware of what was going on. Okk only returned to something resembling focused consciousness from the haze of pain once she slapped him, hard, across the face, his eyes opening with excruciating effort. Gradually, they focused on her smiling, wretched face.

Her hand cupped his chin, cradling almost tenderly. "Don't worry, darling. Nobody's coming to disturb you; I don't actually have any roommates." She crooned, in sickly tones. "In about a day, my young will hatch, and crawl out of you one by one. What happens after that, depends on how well my venom works on you. If you're lucky, you'll walk out of here before they get hungry."

She straightened overtop of the limp, wide-eyed, tusked male, turning around as she slipped off of the bed. To one side of her spine, there was a long, bloodless slit carved horizontally in her flesh, lengthwise between two ribs. As she bent to pick up her dress, Okk could see flashes of iridescent shell inside. Her meagre, slutty garment zipped up over it after that, and she turned back with that sugary sweet smile.

"If you're unlucky, then you won't."

She laughed giddily and then turned, clicking off the lights and plunging him into darkness. He could hear her climbing the stairs, and then the thump of the door closing at the top.

Okk chuffed pitifully in the darkness, not even managing a terrified quiver, his balls churning with their new cargo.

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* Actual appearance may vary

Artists and Writers for Monstropolis Monthly

SLUG

Slug is a freelance artist/illustrator who works in a variety of mediums and styles. With a particular penchant for the monstrous and maligned she heads up the Monstropolis project, and in doing so contributed all of the graphic design, page layout, typography, and more for the magazine. Although all of her work in Monstropolis is digital Slug also enjoys dabbling in the non-digital media, even if such opportunities are somewhat few and far between.

resident artist

Page Credits

1 - 8 (all), 10 (art), 13 (all),
14 - 17 (text), 25 (all)

www.furaffinity.net/user/slug

Page Credits

1 - 2 (text), 4 (text), 6 (design)
8 (text & design), 9 - 12 (text),
14 - 17 (text)

resident author

LOSIAN

Losian may not consider himself a 'writer' per se, but moreso just someone who writes from time to time. He has done a bit of commission-based writing and, of course, plenty of more personal and roleplay-focused writing endeavors. He co-founds the Monstropolis project alongside Slug, helping with the more technical side of things while also writing for the magazine itself.

www.furaffinity.net/user/losian

CALEB

Caleb is an artist who works heavily in traditional media and fine art, though she would say her favorite is a tie between ceramics and oils. Despite that, she is ever interested in expanding herself artistically, eagerly exploring new themes with new methods, while more recently diving deep into digital art, excited about it being a very flexible and accessible medium. She is quite fond of monsters and beasts of all sorts, and thus all the more excited to contribute to Monstropolis.

resident artist

Page Credits

14 - 17 (art), 24 (all)

www.furaffinity.net/user/calebsharpteef

Page Credits

18 - 23 (text)

guest author

PHOE

Phoenix T'ril is an avid writer whose style conveys an excellent voice and tone, balancing ease of reading with interesting to read! His writing is far from limited to the more sexual and unusual, however, even if he does enjoy diving into some rather odd and dark themes at times! Considering the sorts of strange subject matter he enjoys writing about his cooperation with Monstropolis was a given.

www.furaffinity.net/user/phoenixtril